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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

VOLUME CCXXXV NUMBER 3047 20 JANUARY 1960

GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

THE PRETTY GIRL on the cover belongs to a new acting generation from which the stars of the 'Sixties will come. It's a bit of a reproach to a new decade that so many of the box-officiest heart-throbs today are (small type, please) middle-aged. But a flush of *New Faces on Stage & Screen* is emerging and, beginning on page 85, Cornel Lucas introduces some of those with signs of star quality. . . .

Which leads on to a safe forecast of a new favourite: Lord Kilbracken, whose second regular article is on page 98. It's called: *Contango for kicks!* . . . and if that sounds an odd way to have fun, wait until you turn to page 111. There Don Jarvis & Judith Leathart photograph some personalities with the *Strangest Sidelines*. . . . And that's not all (this seems to be turning into a "Whatever next?" number), because the fashion's a bit of a surprise, too. The surprise is that David Olins managed to take the photographs at all. He went out to Wing, Bucks, to do country clothes and had the Whaddon Chase hounds milling around him, as you can see in *Checks & Views* (pages 103 to 110).

For complete contrast (you may be needing it by now) there is the Shalimar land of *far Kashmir*, photographed by J. Allan Cash (pages 99-102), and St. John Donn-Byrne's Paris report (page 110).

Next week: The Travel Number presents *Where East meets West*. . . .

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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SPORT Rugby: Army v. Oxford University, at Oxford, 23 January.

Salmon Fishing (England & Wales) begins 31 January.

MUSICAL Covent Garden Opera. *Turandot* (with Amy Shuard), 2 February; *Lucia di Lammermoor* (with Joan Sutherland), 5 February. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée* (new Ashton ballet) first performance, and *Pineapple Poll*, 7.30 p.m., 28 January. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Hedli Anderson in poems & songs of Bertolt Brecht, 8.15 p.m., 21 January. Bach concert, London Harpsichord Ensemble, 8.15 p.m., 23 January; Hallé Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 24 January, 8 p.m., 25 January; Don Cossack Chorus & Dancers, 8 p.m., 27 January. (WAT 3191.)

ART Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To early March.

James Ward Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank. To 31 January.

Rodrigo Moynihan, Drawings of France, also Ten Younger English Painters, Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. To 12 February.

FIRST NIGHTS Fortune Theatre, *Look Who's Here*. 21 January.

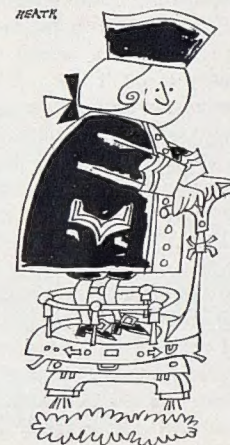
Royal Court Theatre. *The Lily-White Boys*, 27 January.

HUNT BALLS Albrighton Woodland (Town Hall, Dudley, Wores), Bleasdale Beagles (Norbeck Hydro, Blackpool), Linlithgow & Stirlingshire (Hopetoun House), Meon Valley & Winchester Beagles (Beach Hotel, Southsea), N. Northumberland (Pallinsburn, Cornhill-on-Tweed), S. Shropshire (Netley Hall, Shrewsbury), 22 January; Fernie (Deene Park), 23 January; Hampshire (Guildhall, Winchester), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), York & Ainsty (North

(Coppgrove Hall), Chiddingfold Farmers' (Officers' Club, Aldershot), 29 January; Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington House), 5 February.

PRAISED PLAYS From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 114.

Pieces Of Eight. "... lively dancing and some attractively individual clowning . . . it is a revue that never bores." Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding. (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663.)



Humpty Dumpty. "... a big-scale show, sometimes quite movingly spectacular . . . a splendidly simple, pantomime." Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Svetlova, Stephanie Voss. (London Palladium, GER 7373.)

FANCIED FILMS From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 115.

G.R. = General release

Our Man In Havana. "... full of delightful flashes of wit and irony . . . for this reason I enjoyed the film." Alec Guinness, Noël Coward, Ralph Richardson, Ernie Kovacs, Burl Ives, Gregoire Aslan. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

The Savage Eye. "... curiously impressive . . . entirely authentic and strictly documentary . . . a conversation between a woman and her conscience." Barbara Baxley, Gary Merrill. G.R.

GOING PLACES *continued*

Elba, my special island

by DOONE BEAL



Marciana

ISLANDS, like small vegetables, are always notable for their flavour, and I challenge anyone to find two exactly alike. What is comparatively rare, however, is to find any great variety within a *single* island, especially a small one. A certain monotony can strike claustrophobia in the visitor who outstays the potential. But Elba, lying just off the Tuscan coast, is different. Its potential is enormous. Although only 18 miles long and 12 wide, it varies from palm and fig plantations on the coast to a near-alpine climate in the mountains. Its flavour is robust rather than languorous, but even the first sight of it, as the ferry boat hugs the coast on the way into Portoferraio, gives some idea of its

variety: ravines, wooded valleys, tumbling cliffs are interspersed with little white sickle beaches.

Portoferraio, the sizeable and lively main harbour, is only 1½ hours from Piombino, on the mainland. Harbour-fanciers may prefer the smaller pretty Porto Azzurro on the east coast. For beach-combers Marina di Campo is the biggest and best-known beach, equipped with a new and modern hotel, the Iselba. Marciana Marina, on the north coast, although not actually on a beach, is only ten minutes away from some magnificent bays, such as at Procchio. The family who operate the beach establishment at Procchio have also one of the nicest cafés on the island, where they serve delicious (but cheap) mussel and lobster dishes. Good hotels in the area are the Golfo, the Desirée, and, at Marciana Marina itself, the Primula—of which I hear good reports.

Rated one of the best bathing beaches (although there is no hotel, so you must take a picnic), is Fetovaia, on the extreme southwest coast. And for swimming from the rocks, Engola, just outside Portoferraio, in one of the loveliest bits of the entire island.

If you can bear to leave the water, you will find Elba visually, if not technically, good motoring country. A few bumps along the hairpin-bending road that climbs Monte Perone are more than compensated

by vista after vista as one winds through the chestnut and pine forests. I was very attracted by the small village of Poggio, up in the hills, with a luxurious little hotel called the Fonte Napoleone. The air is resinous, cool, and clear and puts one in mind of blissful, almost sanatorial solitude. From the summit of Monte Perone, there is an almost aerial view of the entire island. Other vantage points are Monte Castello, Monte Orello, and, highest of all, Monte Capanne. I must add that the rewards come at the end of some foot-slogging, and indeed with Monte Capanne, some pretty businesslike climbing. But that is as it should be in this island which is not yet, mercifully, laid out for the quick tripper.

Underwater fishing (some of the best), swimming, motoring and mountain climbing make up the day. There is, to my knowledge, only one night club—the Kon-Tiki, at Marina di Campo. Television and the juke-box have both hit Italy hard, and even in Elba one searches in vain for some ghost of imagined local music. But the evenings sometimes offer dancing in one of the piazzas, and always the pleasure of sitting under a scented lime tree and sipping brandy.

Although not primitive (18 hotels, five of which are first class, and 27 pensione), Elba is not yet sophisticated either. Nobody dresses up in the evening, and, compared with Capri and Portofino, it is cheap. You would not expect to pay more than £3 10s. full board, with all the trimmings, at even the most expensive hotel, and can easily get by for about £2 a day.

A car is essential if you want to do anything other than lie on the beach, but do not hire one in the island. Better to do it through Alitalia, or through Italian Railways, whose rates are only £1 16s.

a day, with 100 daily kilometres free allowance, all insurance included. The U.K. agents are C.I.T., in Charles II Street, and the hire charges are payable here. Rates for shipping your car on the ferry from Piombino to Elba are from £1 10s.

Some hotels, as for example the Darsena at Portoferraio (bedroom balconies jutting out almost over the masts) are open all the year round. The season proper starts in May, continuing through to October. Nearest airport is Pisa, and Eagle Airways start their direct flights there from London in May. Other information on hotels etc., from the Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent Street, W.1.



Dining Out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) C.S. Last Sunday Prunier, London, celebrated its 25th anniversary. Thus another chapter in the history of a famous restaurant family has been written, and all congratulations to Madame Prunier who has directed the London restaurant since the day it opened. To those who know good food the word Prunier is linked automatically with fish and also with wines of quality. W.B.
Charing Cross Hotel, Montfort Restaurant. (TRA 7282.) The British

ENGAGEMENTS



Madame Yevonde

Miss Nona Anne Boyce to Mr. Anthony Vivian Hartley, Administrative Service, N. Nigeria. *She* is the daughter of Brig. & Mrs. T. W. Boyce, Speldhurst, Kent. *He* is the son of the late Mr. E. H. Hartley, and of Mrs. Hartley, of Tunbridge Wells



Miss Mary Lee Pierce to Mr. John Brooke-Little, Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms. *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Pierce and of Mrs. Pierce, of Gussage All Saints, Dorset. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Brooke-Little, of E. Knoyle, Wilts



Vane

Miss Cecilia Weikersheim to Mr. Alexander Dundas McEwen. *She* is the only daughter of Prince & Princess Weikersheim, of Langton House, Langton Green, Kent. *He* is the fourth son of Sir John & Lady McEwen, of Marchmont, Berwick

have a built-in conviction that in station hotels the food is invariably poor and the surroundings dreary. The Montfort Restaurant refutes it, for the *décor* is pleasant, the food good and the waiting attentive. The large Victorian Gothic room has been redecorated in powder blue and cream, contrasting with old-rose upholstery. Not even the most critical could quarrel with the choice of dishes offered (the accent is on English cooking and a decorative cold table) or the prices. A well-chosen wine list includes some good and moderately priced carafe wines. *W.B.*

Le P'tit Montmartre, 15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore Street. (WEL 2992.) Open Sunday evenings. The *décor* and general make-up is a realistic attempt to reproduce in London the atmosphere of a Montmartre or Left-Bank restaurant. The cooking is considerably better than that found in most Paris restaurants in the same price range. It passes, with honours, the two tests I apply to a French restaurant—the *terrine maison* and the *Boeuf Bourguignon*—and the *sorbet* ices are also excellent, as is the coffee. The wine list is chosen to match the menu. The guitarist-singer is pleasantly unobtrusive. *W.B.*

Chez Auguste, 38 Old Crompton Street. (GER 5952.) Not many restaurants in London provide Turkish cooking, but Chez Auguste does, with Turkish wines and coffee to go with it. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evening there is *Doner Kebab* on the menu, and this is something special. Cooked on a vertical spit rotated by hand in front of a gas brazier, it consists of roast lamb and veal spiced with sweet herbs, served with spiced rice, green peppers and sliced tomatoes. It is as good as the *Doner Kebab* I ate in Istanbul. This is not surprising, for head chef

Socrate Lagos got the Brussels Exhibition Gold Medal for his work in the Turkish Pavilion. The wine list contains some interesting clarets. The rooms are airy and pleasantly decorated, the company cosmopolitan, and the service efficient but impersonal. *W.B.*

Kettners, 29 Romilly Street, W.1. (GER 3437.) This restaurant has a famous name. It is run by Maurice Monnickendam, brother of Louis, and, very cleverly, he maintains a high standard of both English and Continental cooking. You can have boiled gammon, for example, or *risotto*. The list of wines is good, and, like the food, moderately priced. *W.B.*

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place, South Kensington. (KNI 2309.) Open all Sundays and public holidays except Christmas and Boxing Day. I am not an expert on curries, knowing only what I like, and unable to detect the finer distinctions of Indian and Pakistani dishes. Jamshid's describes itself as an "Indian Restaurant," and I have found its dishes much to my liking. It is small, but the tables are not cramped, and it is comfortable. The service is good, but patience is an essential part of enjoying a well-made Asian dish. Unlike many of London's Asian restaurants, Jamshid's is fully licensed. *W.B.*

In the country

New Inn, St. Neots. (St. Neots 50.) Just off A1, and 57 miles from London, the New Inn is some 500 years old, but it contains a completely French restaurant—chef, food, wines and *décor*. If Michelin had a British edition they would give it two rosettes on its classification, "excellent cuisine, worth a detour." Don't expect to find country-hotel prices. Open Sundays but full weekends. *W.B.*



Madame Yevonde

Miss Jennifer Mary McCurry to Mr. O. F. B. Burchnell. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. McCurry, Three Oaks, Rothley, Leicestershire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. O. R. Burchnell, Manor House, Aston Flamville, Leics



Madame Yevonde

Miss Valerie Duckham to Mr. Michael Wilman Pickersgill. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. Duckham, Stoneleigh, Rushmere St. Andrew, Suffolk. He is the son of Mr. G. L. Pickersgill & the late Mrs. Pickersgill, of Wimpole St., W.1



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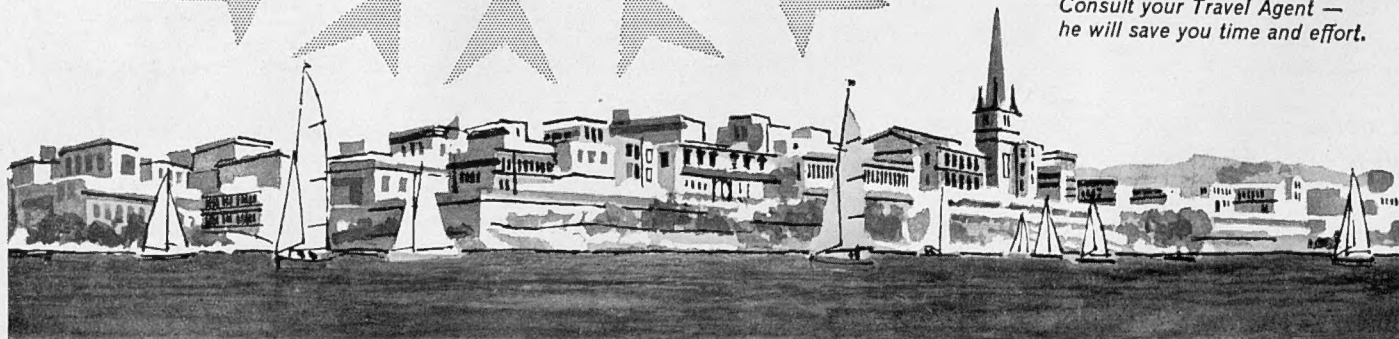
Malta

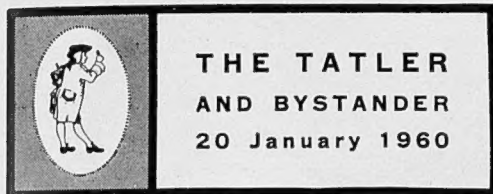
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NEW FACES *on stage and screen*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORNEL LUCAS



ON THE COVER: *The newest face of all, former model Jenny Fisher. She is making her first film Our Last Summer. For the director, Michael Cacoyannis (A Matter Of Dignity, The Girl In Black), it is his first in English. It is now being made in Greece for release here this summer*



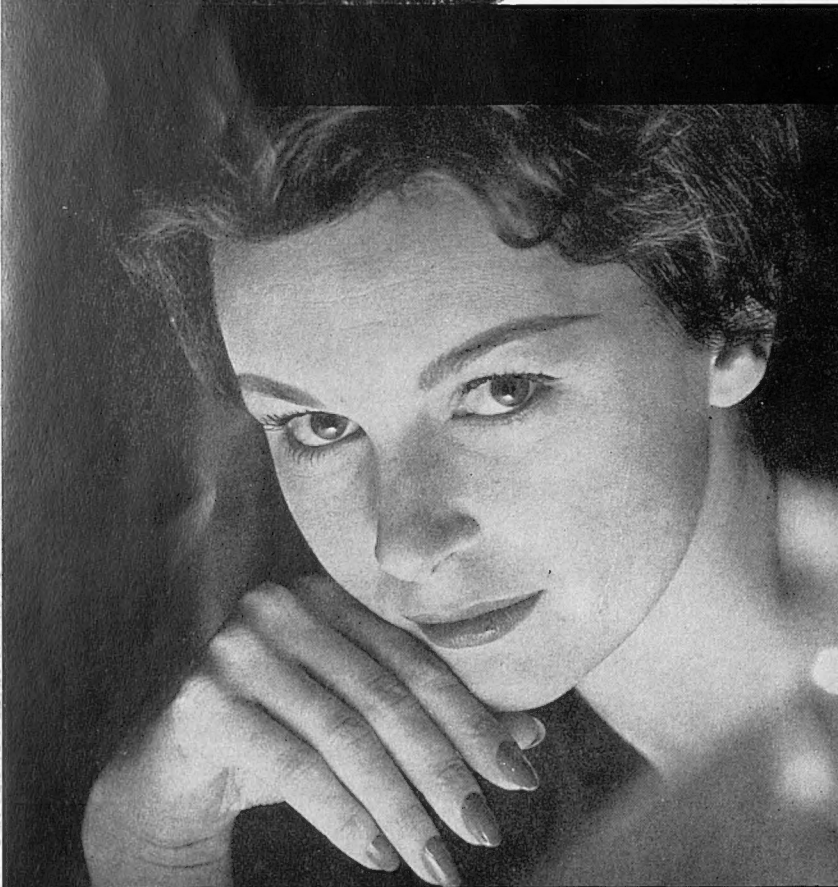
Susannah York, 19, is one of the most vivid of 1960's new faces. She combines a sensitivity of portrayal with a dynamic approach that will probably make her a top-rank star. Wife of actor Michael Wells (she has just finished playing Cinderella to his Prince Charming in panto at Derby) her performances in two recent TV plays won her critical acclaim, earned her the rôle of Alec Guinness's daughter in *Tunes Of Glory* now being filmed at Shepperton

COVER PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEC MURRAY



NEW FACES *continued*

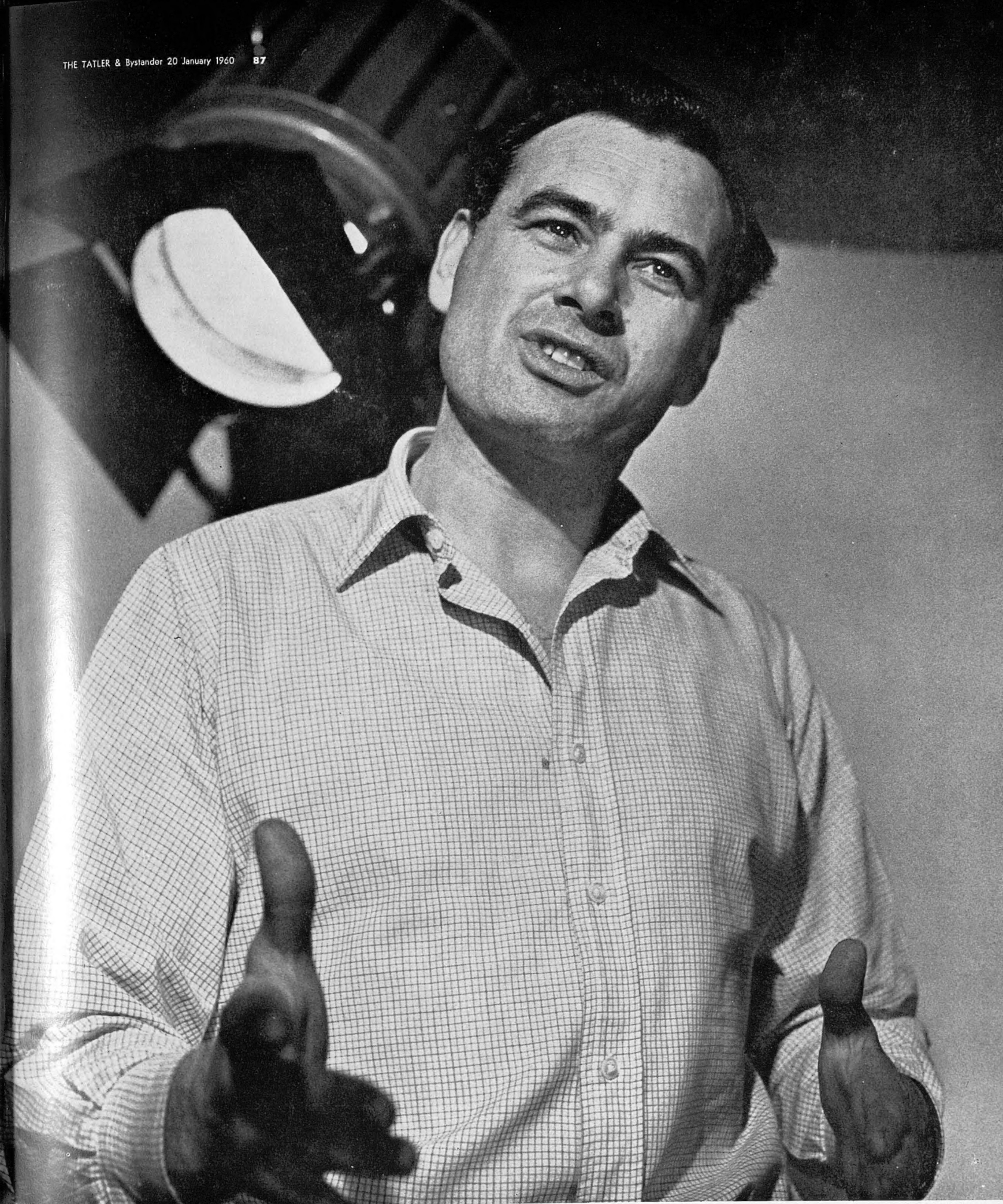
Paul Massie, 27, Central School graduate and repertory-trained, is already in the front row of filmland's new faces. Winner of an Actor of the Year award for *Orders To Kill*, he sealed his success with another keenly observed performance in the race relations whodunit, *Sapphire*. Massie, more than any other of the new young actors, has the gift of submerging his own personality in the role he is playing. Now making *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* for Hammer films, his future hopes include a return to the stage



Anne Aubrey, 22, a recruit to films from radio and television, continues the excellent tradition of leading ladies who can sing and dance as well as act. Holder of a long-term contract with Warwick Films she achieved international status in *The Killers of Kilimanjaro* opposite Robert Taylor, has just finished a new film *Let's Get Married*



Zoreen Ismail, 19, of mixed Persian, Arab and English extraction, has a typically versatile approach to stage and screen. She scored a personal success in the hit play *Flowering Cherry*, was quickly snapped up by films. She has acted on television and in repertory, is currently training to be a singer and making the film *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*



Conrad Phillips, 32, is the screen's newest swashbuckler, continuing the rich vein of honest hokum first quarried by the elder Fairbanks and then consolidated by the late Erroll Flynn. Star of the long-running *William Tell* TV series, Phillips is also a serious straight actor. Latest venture is a film "creepie" called *Circus of Horrors*



Shirley Ann Field (*opposite*) began as a starlet, soon demonstrated an intelligence that won her a part with Sir Laurence Olivier in the film version of *The Entertainer*. She has just finished work on the psychological film drama, *Peeping Tom*, is appearing now at Brighton in the Christopher Logue musical *Lily-white Boys* due at the Royal Court next Wednesday

Millicent Martin, 25, belongs to the select company of those who become stars overnight. She achieved the status last year by stopping the show with her songs in *The Crooked Mile* at the Cambridge. The show closes soon but she is to star in a new musical *The Dancing Heiress* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on 14 March, and she has a seven-year film contract with Associated British



Dan Massey has a confidence inherited from father Raymond Massey and mother Adrienne Allan and shared by sister Anna, now an established star. He emerges, too, as an inheritor of the English light comedy tradition coupled with a vein of straight drama evidenced by his current rôle in *Make Me An Offer* at the New Theatre



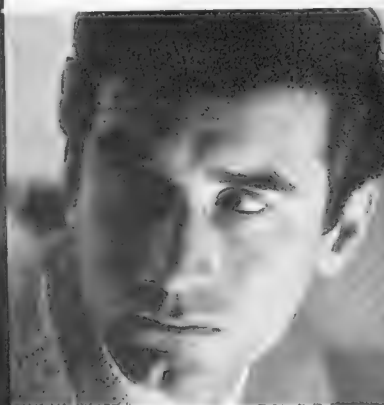
NEW FACES *continued*

Julia Lockwood, 18-year-old daughter of Margaret Lockwood, is doing what she has always wanted to do—play *Peter Pan* (as her mother once did) at the Scala. Her work has youth and freshness as well as a serenity reminiscent of her mother's reign as "first lady" of the one-time Rank-dominated screen





Roddy Maude Roxby, former R.C.A. student, began in revue, shows a surrealist talent in the Royal Court's current *One Way Pendulum*



Keith Baxter has the elusive gift of acting as well on the stage as before the cameras. Currently filming *Peeping Tom*



Virginia Maskell, 21, scored a hit in *Virgin Island* with an uninhibited portrayal that outdated by a decade the popular conception of pale English screen heroines. She is now filming *The Risk* at Shepperton for the Boulting Brothers

NEW FACES *concluded*



American debutantes at the Cotillion Ball, at the Waldorf Astoria in New York

MURIEL BOWEN: Not since the Depression . . .

I ARRIVED in the United States in time for the last few days of the season there (which comes and goes between the end of November and the beginning of January) and in Washington I went to what was described as the city's "débutante party of the decade." It was given for Miss **Charlotte Kidder**. Her father is Counsellor of the United States Embassy in Paris, and her mother, an elegant and interesting woman, is a great-niece of President Theodore Roosevelt. It was a gay party, with the 4 a.m. stopping time extended to 5 a.m. because of the general enthusiasm. Mrs. Kidder had the new York interior decorator, Mr. **Valerian Lux-Rybar** (brother-in-law of the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava) turn the ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel into an approximation of the Paris Opera House, 1850. The gilt-fretted gallery was done as a series of boxes with crimson silk curtains tied with glittering gold tassels. A halo of crimson ostrich feathers surrounded the chandeliers. The buffet in the imperial blue Chinese Room, and the tables in the Presidential dining-room (where President Eisenhower entertained King Saud of Saudi Arabia to dinner, because the White House

wasn't big enough) were covered with cloth of gold.

It was amusing to walk through the Mayflower a couple of hours after the dance, and find, amid the trappings of the Paris Opera House, 1850, the U.S. steelworkers in conference over their months' old strike. There had not been time to take away the decorations in the interval. Indeed, they seem to have had a sobering effect on the steelworkers and the strike, to everybody's surprise, was settled.

Mrs. Kidder's guests came from the State Department, politics and residential Washington—many people only come to Washington for the seven months that Congress is in session. I noticed Mr. **David Bruce**, former U.S. Ambassador to Germany, & Mrs. Bruce, the **Brazilian Ambassador & Señora Moreira Salles** (a new star on the Washington social scene, who divides her time between the Embassy there, a flat in Paris, and a house in Rio), Mr. & Mrs. **Robert van Roijen**, **Viscount Hood** (who is Minister at our Embassy), Mr. & Mrs. **Hugh Auchincloss** from New York, and Mr. **Stewart Alsop**, who was lamenting that his year's work on the book *Nixon and Rocke-*

feller, due out this week, is already obsolete owing to Mr. **Nelson Rockefeller's** refusal to seek the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

THE FORD MILESTONE

Coming-out balls of such grandeur have been rare in the U.S. since the Depression. But this year there was also the memorable affair given by Mrs. **Henry Ford II** for her daughter, another **Charlotte**—probably the most brilliant deb dance in years. The Country Club at Grosse Pointe, Michigan—usually as quietly conservative as Hurlingham—was transformed for it into a fairytale palace by **Jacques Frank**, the Paris interior decorator, and tapestries were imported from France. The ballroom—an oddly proportioned room—was improved by a false ceiling, and imported marble columns gave it a Grecian air, with the lights softened by flowers entwined in the chandeliers.

Partygoers from New York, Palm Beach and California as well as business magnates from the Middle West filled the rambling club house. The **Duke & Duchess of**

continued overleaf

BRIGGS by Graham



A BALL IN SOMERSET

PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN



Lady Slade, wife of Sir Alfred Slade, Bt. The ball was held at Maunsell Grange, Bridgwater, their home, in aid of the Taunton Vale Pony Club. At right: Some of the guests sit out in the drawing-room



Pony Club members: Miss Jacqueline Ashby, Mr. James Bucknell (who is at Radley), Miss Diane Copland and Mr. Rupert Ashcroft



Major R. Peel, joint-M.F.H. of the Cattistock, & Mrs. W.M. Fox



Miss Antonia Webster, who is at La Retraite School, Burnham



Mr. J. Lindley, Sir Alfred Slade's nephew, and Miss Caroline Campbell



Miss Penny Bennett, who is one of this year's débutantes

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Marlborough's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Edwin & Lady Sarah Russell, with her younger brother, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill were there. (A young man in brocade tails and satin breeches was erroneously being pointed out as: "Lord Churchill from England—a cousin of Mr. Churchill.") Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Firestone, Mr. & Mrs. Basil Goulandris, and Mr. & Mrs. Winston Guest—she is one of the most exquisitely dressed women in the world—and Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas du Pont were among the guests who had flown to Detroit for the party. There was hardly a short dress in sight (nor was there at Mrs. Kidder's)—quite a change in two years. Both young and old had dresses touching the floor. And, a thoughtful touch: many of the men wore white kid gloves.

Altogether it was a ball to be remembered along with the "last of the great balls," the one given when Miss Barbara Hutton came out at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York in 1930. Since then (following Senate attacks during the Depression on lavish coming-out balls) the pattern of coming-out has been radically different. Most girls come out at "Tea Dances" in their own homes. These are afternoon dances at which champagne, not tea, is served.

LIKE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S

Then for the few—anything from 24 to 100 in each case—there are the cotillions, which have much in common with Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House. These are held in leading cities. In San Francisco, Chicago, Baltimore, New Orleans, New York and Washington there is at least one charity cotillion and, though no one city is considered smarter than another, the most exclusive and famous cotillion of all is the Philadelphia Assembly,

A BALL AT ARMOURY HOUSE

which hasn't changed much since it was founded in 1748. It was described to me as having been "founded under the management of the 59 first families of Philadelphia, and gone on the same ever since."

The great occasion in New York is the Débutante Cotillion at the Waldorf Astoria, at which I arrived in a snowstorm wearing gumboots! Getting there was as rigorous as a country hunt ball in Ireland in bad weather. There was dancing in a series of ballrooms, but the 104 girls coming out and their parents had boxes round the ballroom floor. Some of the girls carried white parasols tied with pink ribbon; others had ostrich fans. Each box was swathed in white tulle, and flanked by quince trees in pink bloom. In the main ballroom a canopy was formed by pink satin ribbons stretching from the top of the chandelier.

After dinner on the Starlight Roof, there was the dancing of the cotillion figures. The girls with their partners went through several set dances—the *Coming-out Waltz* was one, the *Polka Sleigh Ride* another. All were well-rehearsed and had a military precision about them, like the formation dancing on TV. For the final figure the girls knelt in the darkened ballroom, their white skirts spread out giving the effect of a large Christmas star. Each one held a candle, lighting it on the sound of distant times. Then the whole room burst into the singing of Christmas carols. It was a spectacular and moving performance.

ON BROADWAY

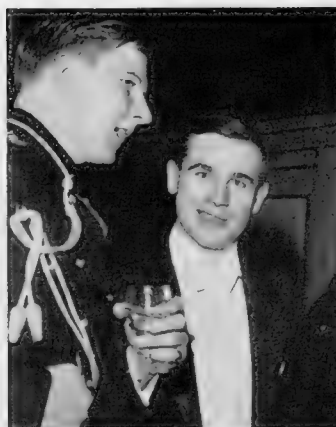
So many plays are having long runs in New York that a queue of new ones is having to fill in time on tour until they can be accommodated. I was lucky to see *Flower Drum Song*, the latest Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, which is due to open in London at the Palace on 24 March. Lucky because tickets at the legitimate price are hard to come by, and on the black market they run to around \$25. The show, set in San Francisco's Chinatown, centres on the Unsophisticated Mei Li, newly arrived in the United States under contract as the "mail order" bride of a night-club owner. There are not so many good songs as in *South Pacific*, but there is Juanita Hall (Bloody Mary), this time as Madam Liang. Gene Kelly directs and the singing star of the show is Pat Suzuki, a discovery of Bing Crosby's.

In London *Flower Drum Song* will have a special charity performance on 25 March in aid of the English-Speaking Union's Educational Trust, and the **Duchess of Marlborough** is chairman of the executive committee dealing with this.

PHOTOS: LEWIS MORLEY



Miss Sheila Stilliard



Left: Mr. David Price and Mr. Charles Pettit. The ball, for members of the Honourable Artillery Company and friends, was on New Year's Eve



Mr. Douglas Garland and Mr. Frank Craven dance their own Scottish reel in the Court Room



Mr. David de Cogan Crothall and Miss Philippa Paine

Below: Lt. Col. J. M. Austin-Smith, C.O. of the 1st Regiment H.A.C. (R.H.A.), broke a skiing holiday to attend



Chandeliers shone on the dancers in the Long Room at Armoury House



Glasses stand on an old artillery practice marker

*Mrs. Vivien King and Mrs. Ian Bruce
at the reception at the Gaselees'
home, Hamptons near Tonbridge*



*The bride's father, Mr. Auriol
Gaselee, who is the senior joint-
Master of the West Kent Hunt*

WEDDING
DAY for Miss
Virginia Gaselee and
Mr. Peter Waklyn
brought many racing
people to Tonbridge

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL

*Greeting from the bride for an
old family friend after the wed-
ding at St. Giles's, Shipbourne*

*Capt. S. Wright and Lady
Jean Christie, the Marquess of
Zetland's youngest daughter*



*Miss Jean Waklyn, half-sister of the
bridegroom, and the Hon. W. Allenby.
He organizes outside broadcasts of
horse events for commercial television*



*Lucky meeting with a chimney sweep. Mr. &
Mrs. Waklyn went to honeymoon in Morocco*

*Miss Sally Eaton. She is
getting married in February*



TWELFTH NIGHT

was celebrated at the Dorchester with a ball to help displaced families now living in Germany



Miss Gillian Swire and Lady Clarissa Duncombe

Mrs. H. M. Rigby and Lady Harding of Petherton, president of the Adoption Committee, drew lucky programme numbers, helped by Lord Denham, the Appeal secretary. Top: Miss Sheran Cazalet and Mr. James Wilson

ELISABETH CAMPION reports: A tree-top level cocktail party in Mr. & Mrs. George Lees' W.1 flat made a gay start to the Twelfth Night Ball at the Dorchester. Mrs. Lees, one of the organizing committee, had a number of young marrieds including Mr. & Mrs. Robin Serimgeour, Mr. & Mrs. Johnny Black (he is in Columbia pictures), Mr. & Mrs. George Constantinidi, and Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Christie nibbling delicious home-made smoked salmon "nothings" before going on.

At the ball, in aid of The Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, I met Lady Denham, the ball chairman, and her husband; they were both just recovering from 'flu. "I had my own two children, plus three visiting nieces, all down with it over Christmas," said Lady Denham. Portrait-painter Nicholas Egon and his wife were among her party. People admired Mrs. Egon's new black brocade dress. Mr. Clem Mitford was telling friends how he came by a scratched and bruised nose: "Bashed it on the letter-box while I was struggling to get the pram into the hall."

Walking past the clairvoyante's booth (a high-powered clairvoyante this: she came from the College of Psychic Research) I noticed Lord & Lady Edward FitzRoy, Viscount Lambton, Viscountess Boyne, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Digby. Everybody admired the table decorations of beribboned clusters of holly and candles arranged by the Hon. Mrs. David Montgomery, artistic daughter-in-law of the Field-Marshal.

More colour—Russ Henderson's Steel Band, in Calypso shirts, wandered among the dancers. Field-Marshal Lord Harding danced sedately . . . then hastily steered his partner off the floor as Ian Stewart's music took over to play a hectic Charleston.



During the cabaret



Mr. G. Martin and Miss Lovice de Ullein-Reviczky

Miss Veracha Boissevain outside the Eagle Ski Club, where she is helping the secretary, Vicomte Benoist d'Azay



Left: Miss Patricia Rawlings, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Louis Rawlings, was at Gstaad with her mother

Lady Bruntisfield with her son and daughter, the Hon. Anthony (nine) and the Hon. Victoria Warrender (seven)



Comte Guy de Brantes and his wife. They were married this summer, and live in Paris where he is studying



The Countess Alvarez, whose husband has just bought a house in Lausanne. Her first novel will soon be published



The Marchesa Gioggi di San Severino Cavagliere from Rome, and the Earl of Granard, who lives in Paris

PEOPLE IN THE SNOW *at Gstaad (this page) and Villars (opposite)*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRODRICK HALDANE



Miss Janet Lyle, daughter of Col. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Lyle, on the Bretaye ski-ing slopes

M. Georges Simenon, the author, Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, and Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Latta outside the Palace Hotel

Viscount Hinchinbrooke



Miss Eirene Beck, who was staying in Montreux with her parents, Gen. & Mrs. Archibald Beck



The slopes of Villars through a ski-rack



Contango for kicks!

by LORD KILBRACKEN

MY APPETITE as a gambler is more or less insatiable and I thought, till last summer, that I'd tried just about everything. I know, rather too well, all the casino games. I've played straight poker, stud poker, strip poker. I've permed all the pools, and I buy a ticket for each Irish Sweep.

The first horse I ever backed was a winner (The Masher, at 9/2, Brighton, c. 1929) and I've been diligently searching for winners like it ever since. I've been married. I spent a year of the war, except when we were wanted for dawn patrols, playing anaconda—a strangely pernicious variation of poker—as we crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. I've gone to the dogs.

Last summer—on the Fourth of June, to be precise, which was the day after the Derby, and which also has certain adolescent associations—I found a new outlet for my gambling propensities. I discovered the London Stock Exchange.

I recommend it wholeheartedly to those (if any) who do not know it already. For my money, if I have any, it beats the lot. To begin with, it is absolutely respectable. I was swiped at Eton for making a book (I had 120 clients, including seven members of Pop) while my tutor would merely have envied me if I'd had 500 L.C.I. Ord. A bookie may call himself a Commission Agent (as I did) and refer to your bets as *investments*, but I suppose he hasn't quite the social standing of a stockbroker.

Then, you get any amount of fun, extending over as long a period as you choose, from every bet—sorry, I mean investment. If you back Mr. What in the 3.30, it's all over by 3.35. If, instead, you back Mr. Watney, you have that moment of delicious agony, which is what gambling is all about, each time your morning paper arrives, so long as you hold the shares.

The financial page soon became the first I'd turn to. And I found, if I were in London, that I was buying at least three evening papers each day to find out how my Mercantile Credit or my Free State Geduld were progressing through the day.

A further advantage is that much less risk is involved. I know that 30 years ago, in the phenomenal Wall Street slump, stock prices fell frequently to one-hundredth of their previous value. But that kind of thing, we are all busy assuring ourselves, can never happen again—not here, anyway. If Bob's Your Uncle is pipped on the post, your fiver is gone for ever. If Robert Uncle Ordinary “shed” 2s. 3d. to 20s. 9d. on election panic or

bank-rate nerves, you've only lost a tenth of your stake—and there's always the chance that you'll get it back tomorrow.

As soon as I owned some shares, moreover, I found myself taking a far more lively interest in all national and international affairs. My own finances were involved in them and I was looking everywhere for straws in the wind. There is practically no piece of news which may not have some repercussion on some security or another, and one has to see it before anyone else does. (“Dog Bites Man” might well foreshadow a fall in demand for dog biscuits; it might be worth a “put” option in Spillers.)

I took out subscriptions to *The Economist* and *Financial Times*. I followed the movements of Mr. Khrushchev, the speeches of Mr. Eisenhower, the debates in the House of Commons, and the progress of the onward march of industry far more closely than at any period since I was reading P.P.E. at Oxford.

I chose, it is true, a fortunate moment to enter the market. The *Financial Times* Index was destined to rise over 70 points in the succeeding six months, from 235 to 305.6. (What! You don't know about the *Financial Times* Index!) The first pleasant thing I discovered was that it is not necessary to *pay* for your shares. Not, at the earliest, till the end of the account (by which time, naturally, you can pay for them out of your profits) and even then there is something called *contango*.*

It's just like having a credit account with a bookie.

I found, in any case, that it was only necessary to put up a small fraction of the cost of the shares in actual cash—in my case, 30 per cent. It worked like this: I bought equities to a total value of £1,000, and then used them to secure a special *ad hoc* overdraft of £700. This is called “*buying on the margin*,” I believe, and is a Very Dangerous Practice, as any old family solicitor will tell you. Old family solicitors put all the family funds into fixed-interest Government securities, and just look how well *they've* done.

With the Tories a dead cert. and steel shares yielding 10 per cent or more, how could I go wrong? The extraordinary thing is that I didn't.

The first shares I bought—£250-worth, so that they constituted a quarter of what I was pleased to call my portfolio—were

Mercantile Credit Ordinary, because the H.P. people have taken such a damned lot of money from me in the past, at scandalously high interest rates, that I thought it was time they started paying some back. They did.

It was just too easy. I had thought I was sure to lose, because there was I, sitting in the bogs of Ireland, competing with all those smarties in the City with their striped trousers and bowler hats. Instead, my shares did nearly as well for me as The Masher had done in 1929. The only trouble was that I didn't believe my luck could last, and sold too soon.

I had bought at 34s. 6d. Ten weeks later, the price was 50s., a rise equivalent to 233 per cent per annum. I sold. Soon afterwards, they touched 67s. Ah, well . . . I'd won £100, anyway.

Meantime all my other shares forged stalwartly, if not so spectacularly, ahead. In August I did some thinking on steel. I reckoned that steel shares might double in value if the Tories were elected, and might fall by 30 per cent if they were defeated. This, as I saw it, meant that odds were available of 100/30 against a Tory victory, which was perfectly ridiculous. It was also the best bet of the year, and I hastened to buy Firth & Brown and Colvilles.

I was absolutely right. My Firth & Brown cost 29s. 3d.—today they stand at 48s. 9d., having touched 57s. I bought Colvilles at 37s. 9d.; today they would be worth 76s. 6d., if I still had them. Whereby hangs an unhappy tale.

On the morning of the Election I happened to be on my way from Killegar to Lowther. The pollsters had been indicating, with more persistence each day, that Labour might turn the tables. If they did, I knew too well, all my hard-won profits would be down the drain—and more besides. It was like putting all my winnings on the favourite in the last race.

I pondered the matter in Dublin. I pondered it in Liverpool. I pondered it—surrounded by all the morning papers—in the train between Liverpool and Preston. (I had to change at Preston.) And at Preston, in the middle of the morning, from a call-box on Number One platform, I phoned my brokers—it's rather good, incidentally, to be able to phone one's brokers. I hung on to my Firth & Brown—but I sold my Colvilles, alas, at 45s.

In the end, having totted everything up (including things like commission, and the call option in Free State Geduld which I went so far as to buy, and which lost me £53) I rather more than doubled my capital in six months. My £300 became £638 2s. 9d.

I hope I may have made it clear why this new form of gambling appeals to me. I hold no shares at the present time. There's only one trouble about the Stock Exchange: you need about £300 to join the school—well, £100 anyway. And, having not long got back from Monte Carlo, I regret to say that is beyond my resources for the moment.

* Contango: For a percentage you can put off settlement day

'Far Kashmir'

About 4,000 miles or so—

but many Europeans are willing to go
that far to see a corner of India
that keeps reminding them
of Europe

Photographs: J. ALLAN & BETTY CASH

Evoking Switzerland,
wooden houses nestle
in a mountain meadow, with the
snowcapped Himalayas behind.
This is Gulmarg, most fashionable
of Kashmir's hill-stations in summer.



'Far Kashmir' continued

Like a gondola (left) on the lagoon of Venice, a shikara slides across Nagin Lake, near Srinagar, as the sun sets

Right: Not the Severn, but the Shusnag above Pahalgam. There, and in other rivers, Kashmir has excellent trout-fishing



The houseboats for which Srinagar is famed have an oriental richness, but it's hard not to think of Maidenhead

National costume worn by Mena Kumari, a leading Indian film actress, has a Balkan flavour. The peak behind is Nanga Parbat, 26,000 feet high



'Far Kashmir' continued

The Shalimar Gardens (right) are too pretty to deserve the comic connotations made inevitable by the song (Pale Hands, etc.). They were built in 1619 by Jehangur for his queen. Below: Shopping in Srinagar has that kiosk-cum-bazaar quality found in British (and once-British) territory from Gibraltar eastwards. At bottom is a souvenir dealer who trades prodigiously under the title, originally bestowed on his grandfather, of Suffering Moses



*P.S. for those contemplating
doing the 4,000 miles*

"I'll sing thee songs of Araby and tales of far Kashmir" and my first tale of Kashmir is that to my mind it is probably the most beautiful place in the world. I have travelled extensively, but there is nowhere I would choose for a holiday before Kashmir—so varied is its scenery and its attractions. Nor is it inaccessible. There is daily three-and-a-half-hour flight from Delhi. But, of course, more interesting is the 568-mile road journey—from Delhi to Jallundur, along the Grand Trunk Road and then the new road to Srinagar via Pathankot.

There are several European hotels in Srinagar, of which the oldest is Nedous, where the rates are about Rs15 a day inclusive of board. But to absorb the real atmosphere of Kashmir it is essential to stay on a houseboat—moored along the shores of one of the many lakes. Houseboat-owners pester you from the moment you reach Kashmir, and the only way to choose your boat is to go and see several. The rent is from Rs250 a month, which includes the services of four servants, and lighting and

site rent. The houseboats have a lounge, a dining-room and several bedrooms with bathrooms attached. A narrow platform runs all round and on the top is a sun deck. It is well furnished and equipped with crockery, cutlery and linen. The houseboat owner also undertakes the catering—cheaply and efficiently. Once installed, you can leave all housekeeping to the servants. But be careful about drinking water—it should be boiled daily. The Kashmiri, a casual soul, is apt to fill your glass from the lake—into which goes all the sewage.

The Kashmiri is also a bit of a rogue—out to get every penny he can. But in exchange he is also out to please and each day he suggests new ideas for your amusement and pleasure. There is plenty of scope, though perhaps nothing pleasanter than being on the lake in your houseboat, with kingfishers darting from the rail. Flotillas of *shikaras* filled with fruit and flowers visit you. They have apples and pears, peaches and grapes—all the English fruits. Others will paddle up with woodwork, carpets, lacquers and furs. This goes on all day and vendors will idle away a whole morning showing you their wares (which are incredibly cheap).

Shikaras can be hired, too, and lying back on padded, cushioned seats you can be paddled through the lotus flowers along the many waterways that link the lake to beauty spots, such as the Shalimar and Moghul gardens. Plucking the seeds and nibbling them, anyone would feel like a lotus-eater.

Sports include shooting, or fishing or mountaineering, and there is bathing, sailing and aquaplaning from boats anchored in the middle of the lake. Then, of course, at some point everyone makes the 29-mile trip to Gulmarg, whose name means the "meadow of flowers." It is 8,500 feet above sea level and ponies must be hired for the last four steep miles. Gulmarg suffered badly in the fighting during the independence quarrels of India and Pakistan. But it is gradually being built again. Hotels and pine huts lie along a sloping bowl with a flat central plain where there is an excellent golf course.

I tobogganed in the last of the snow at Khilmarg (which is above the tree line) on a Heath Robinson sledge provided by fierce-looking tribesmen. But I did not go over the Apharwat ridge (14,000 feet above sea level) to see the frozen lake sacred to the snake god which lies on the other side.

From my houseboat back on Negin Bagh I made several trips into Srinagar town—about three-quarters-of-an-hour along the canals and waterways in a *shikara*. It is full of shops with signboards like "Cheerful Chippendale," "Walnut Willie" and "Butterfly—The Undie King." There is a general lack of inhibition about names—houseboats and *shikaras* are called things like "Come And Get It." They seem to jar with the delicate surroundings, but it is a land of contrasts.

Pat Sharpe



CHECKS AND VIEWS IN HUNTING COUNTRY

Photographed by
David Olins at
the Wing, Bucks,
kennels of the
Whaddon Chase

Hounds mill around a sporting visitor to their kennels at Wing. She plays up to winter sunshine in a heavy-weight coat of periwinkle blue and white checked tweed and a matching lighter dress in smaller checks with a collarless neck, three-quarter sleeves and a suede belt. The coat costs around 38 gns. and the dress about 20 gns., both from the Hardy Amies Boutique, Savile Row; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Elaine, Guildford. Blue felt pull-on hat by Henry Heath at Liberty's, bootees by Morlands, price 65s. 9d. Huntsman Albert Buckle looks after the Whaddon Chase pack which hunts the Buckinghamshire countryside around Leighton Buzzard, Bletchley, Winslow & Aylesbury



CHECKS AND VIEWS IN HUNTING COUNTRY

continued

Opposite: Huntsman Albert Butler, an authority on the pedigree of every hound in the 33 sample at Wing, introduces his charges to a visitor who wears a tweed dress and jacket sportily checked in china blue and white. The dress under the long-line jacket has a V-neck and bright sleeves. Dress and jacket (also in tan and white) by Macna, about 38 gns. at Harvey Nichols, London; Bronada, Hove; Marshall & Snelgrove, Southport. Henry Heath felt hat at Liberty's. Country shoes by Beective: 75s. 11d. *Right:* For milder country mornings a light tweed suit in a tiny treebark and bisque check. The short, semi-fitted jacket has its neckline filled with a matching fringed scarf. By Christian Dior—London, about 52 gns. at Harrods; Louis Copé, Harrogate; Cavendish House, Cheltenham. Toning felt hat trimmed with grosgrain at Liberty's. Suede gloves are by Christian Dior





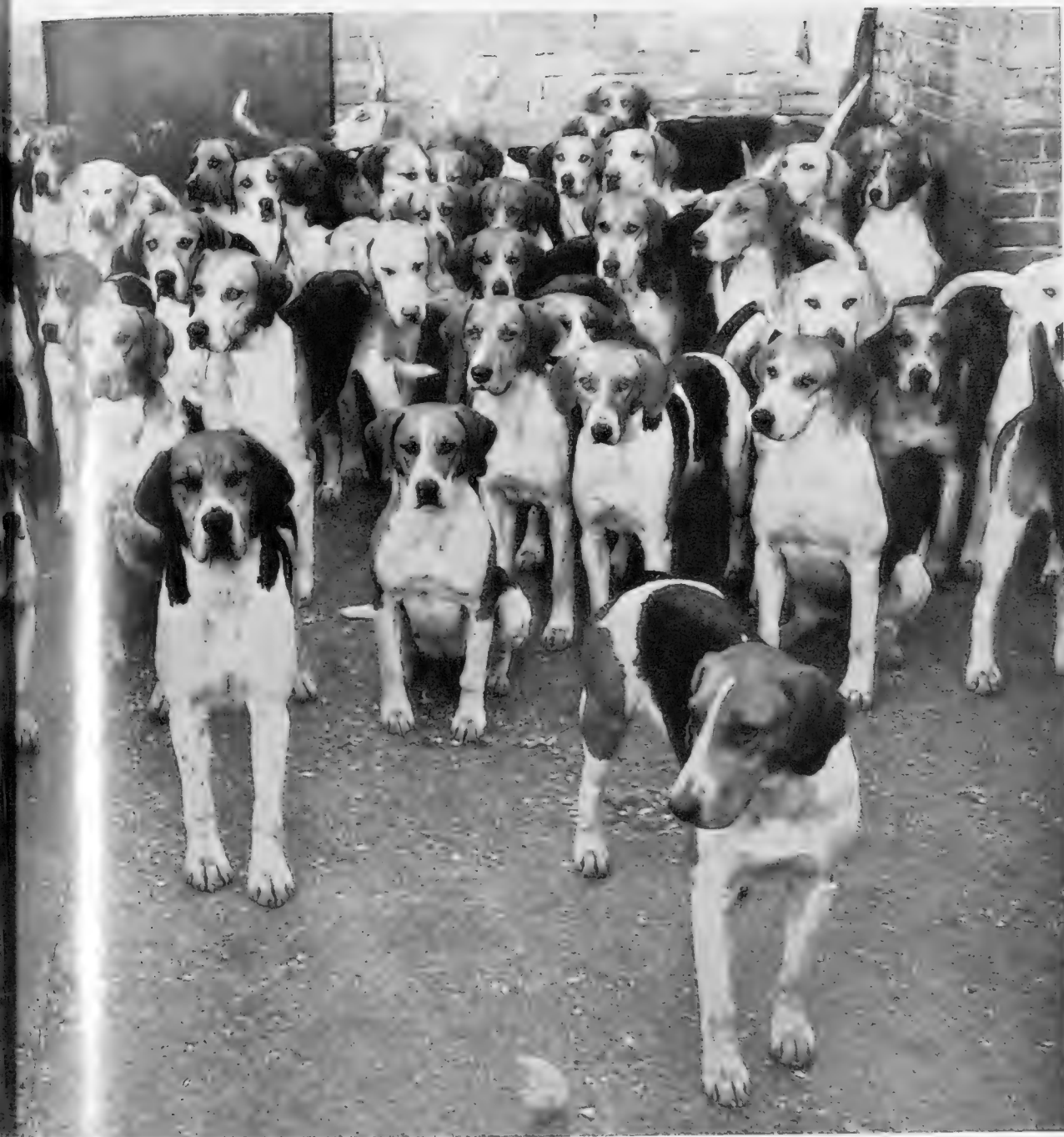
CHECKS AND VIEWS IN HUNTING COUNTRY

continued

Opposite: Enthusiastic welcome at the Wing kennels from a hound he walked as a puppy for Doctor Williams, Master of the Wiltshire for the past six years. One of the best-known personalities in hunting circles, Mr. Williams writes books and articles on horses and horsemen, is in big demand as a commentator at horse shows and on radio and television. His companion wears a green and white tweed suit and three-quarter coat by H. B. Popper. The coat costs about 27 gns., the suit about 31 gns., both at Tina Berlyn, Bond Street; June Mackay, Birmingham; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham. Brushed melusine hat by Henry Heath at Liberty's, nut-brown suede sheepskin-lined boots by Morlands. *Right:* Sturdy cream wool worsted rough-surfaced coat has a bold tan overcheck with brown leather belt and buttons. By Crayson, 13½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Huntbach's, Hanley; Laurie & Smith, Ayr







CHECKS AND VIEWS IN HUNTING COUNTRY

concluded

The Whaddon Chase hunts three times a week in the season (often covering more than 60 miles in a day) over some of the best hunting country within easy reach of London. The Selby Lowndes family were Masters of the Whaddon Chase for more than 170 years (until 1920) and the annual hunt ball was held last Friday at Whaddon Hall, former home of the family. Hardy as the hounds is the superb country suit (*pictured far left*) of pale coffee-coloured washable suède, belted easily with a narrow suède tie above a slightly flaring skirt. By Berg of Mayfair, 57 gns., at Harvey Nichols, London; Miss Stewart, Harrogate; Elizabeth Hinton, Brighton. The mare, Princess Mary, belongs to Dorian Williams, the Whaddon Chase M.F.H.

ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE FROM PARIS

Mme. Gruber's rendezvous—and others

ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, Madame Gruber, the widow of a well-known artist, thought it would be nice to open an inexpensive restaurant on the Left Bank as a meeting-place for the many artistic and literary friends she had accumulated through her marriage, through being a daughter of the noted playwright and through her own engaging ways. Together with a partner, she bought a moribund *antiquaire* shop in a little by-way called the rue Bernard Palissy, a matter of yards from Saint Germain des Près. The shop had only one water tap, which also served the flat of the ageing owner who wanted to retire to the country. The restaurant, prettily decorated, opened in the summer of 1957. It has turned out to be an almost embarrassing success.

Ironically Madame Gruber was forced to put up the prices to reduce the crush and her restaurant has become something of a haunt of the rich, the great and the beautiful. Her artistic friends have had to go back to where they ate before and she herself tends to dine at home with her husband's pictures and their pretty young daughter.

The restaurant, called *Le Petit Pavé*, became known at first because it stayed open in the month of August when so much else was shut. But the main reason for its success is that it really gives good value for not too much money. All the fish comes direct from Dieppe. The roasts are excellent and there is a particularly good "*Gigot Montaigne*." Specialities are the "*Filet au croute*" the "*Sols Petit Pavé*" and, as a dessert, there is a mixture of raspberries and sherbet which was an inspired concept.

Success suits Madame Gruber. Her father, Henri Bernstein, was a large man who lived life to scale, a gallant and a controversialist whose attitudes led him into duels. When, to his natural astonishment, his wife gave birth to a daughter he still went ahead as planned and gave the baby the unladylike Christian name of George. Subsequently the baby married Francis Gruber, the statistician of whom are that he painted for 19 years, covering some 280 canvases, which can now each cost hundreds of pounds, and that he died at the age of 37. Madame Gruber has bought back for herself many of his paintings and she has been effective in exposing a number of fakes, once causing a stir at

Sotheby's. Her English, by the way, is such that she can even be witty in the language.

Divertissement: The last of Francis Gruber's paintings, which was still on his easel when he went to hospital, is of two nudes in a garden. When Francis Gruber painted nudes he really denuded them of everything. His girls all have great mournful eyes. As far as I can decode their troubling message it says: "I am not asking for your pity but just that you should understand the hopelessness of the predicament." The picture hangs on the wall of the Neuilly house of Alain Lalande together with a Picasso, other considerable works, and a number of rosettes won by his wife, Fiona, at show-jumping.

M. Lalande was captured in the early part of the war, sent to German captivity, which he found intolerable—so he escaped and made his way to England. Madame Lalande comes from a large, rich and good-looking Franco-American family called Forbes. She passed all her examinations in England and then came back to France and passed both stages of France's intimidating education barrier, the "Bachot." She is now "*une mère de famille nombreuse*," a category much approved of by the French Government, which gives her special concessions on public transport. Some people consider her the best show-jumping rider in France.

To revert to the present *mode* in Paris dining-out.

Success is contagious and a baker's shop across the road from the Petit Pavé has now turned itself into a restaurant and done extraordinarily well. You still go through the shop to get into the restaurant, aptly called *La Boulangerie*, 1 rue Bernard Palissy. The menu is classical but has some interesting specialities including a "*Coq Vierge au Chambertin*," whatever that can be. Like its neighbour opposite, it caters for quite a lot of people who are tired of waiting for tables at the Brasserie Lipp round the corner, meeting-place of politicians during a series of fallen republics. There they really do not need one's custom, and it shows.

Another fashionable restaurant at the moment is *La Grand Severine*, rue de Grand Severin, in the intricate little street plan near Saint Julien le Pauvre (it is only

open in the evenings and there is music to dance to from ten o'clock onwards). Another is *La Camargue*, rue des Petits Ponts, which again is new, not cheap and only open in the evenings. The young set find it fun to eat at the *Petit Bedon*, 38 rue de Peroglesse, an emancipated bistro, and at the *Cri de Paris* where they weigh you when you come and when you go (so you can see whether you have had your money's worth).

But everybody in Paris has a favourite restaurant, and these do not include the traditionally great eating-places. For example, that arch-expert the Countess Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec, tells me that for lunch a very good and modish place is *La Truite*, which is just up a mews entry not far across the rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré from the British Embassy. It is inside that courtyard where the man sells the second-hand books. The atmosphere is agreeable, the food "*Normande*" and I can recommend the "*Vin Rosé de Provence*" with assurance. The Countess Mapie also says that she eats very well at the *Relais Plaza*, 23 avenue Montaigne, which does itself (and its prices) no justice by calling itself a "*snackbar*" even though it adds "*de luxe*."

For very serious eating and a high appreciation of the better things of life there is *Chez les Anges* in the boulevard de La Tour Maubourg, a favourite of M. Henri Hussenot-Desenonges, who presides over one of the leading French eating societies. Monsieur Hussenot-Desenonges is treated with immense respect both here and in other restaurants—he is "*Monsieur le President*" from the moment of arrival. He is also similarly addressed when he goes into bookshops, as he heads a group of collectors of rare editions. To dine with him at *Chez les Anges* or *La Grille*, to mention only two of his favourite restaurants, calls for serious training.

As in London, oriental food is popular over here and the two best Chinese restaurants in Paris at the moment are the *Eagle* (rue du Marché Saint Honoré) and the *Phoenix* (Boulevard Montparnesse). At the Phoenix you are waited on by Chinese students and the effect of a grave Chinese waitress with her hair in a pony-tail style is rather engaging.



CACTI AND DESERT PLANTS absorb General Sir Oliver Leese in his retirement. He got interested when in North Africa, commanding 30 Corps in the Eighth Army. With his wife he has just written an authoritative book *Desert Plants* (W. H. & L. Collingridge, Ltd.)

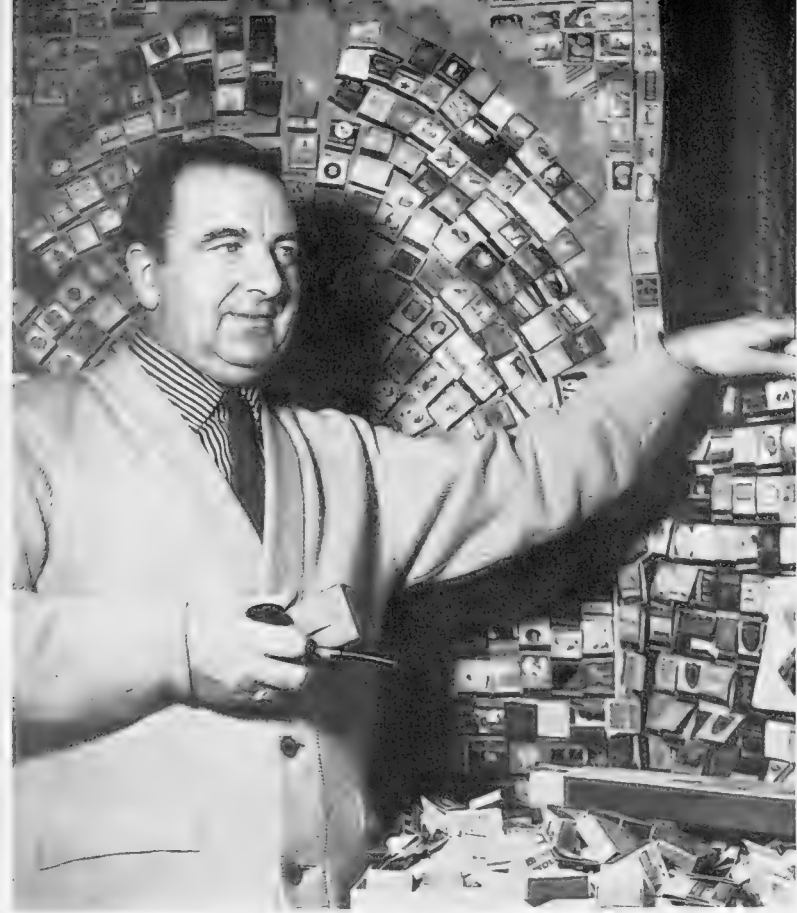
Strangest Sidelines

Proving
once again
that you never know
what your neighbours
get up to



CHICKENS ON THE ROOF amuse Miss Belinda Bellville, fashionable dress designer who did the bridesmaids' dresses for last week's Mountbatten wedding. In her roof garden in Montpelier Square she keeps two pet hens called Billericay and Salford West. Despite an excellent laying record they are not popular with her husband

Photographs :
DON JARVIS & JUDITH LEATHART



TOPS OF MATCH BOXES fascinate Mr. Owen Brannigan, operatic bass who will sing in Sadlers Wells' revival of *The Moon and Sappho* next month. He has a collection that includes at least one box from every country that makes matches—mostly acquired on his singing trips abroad

Strangest Sidelines *continued*



COOKING, INDOOR ORCHIDS AND EAST AFRICA engage impresario Henry Sherek, whose *The More the Merrier* (with Anna Neagle) is coming to the West End. Visits East Africa every summer to study the people and the animals; also studies military tradition and goes in for serious photography

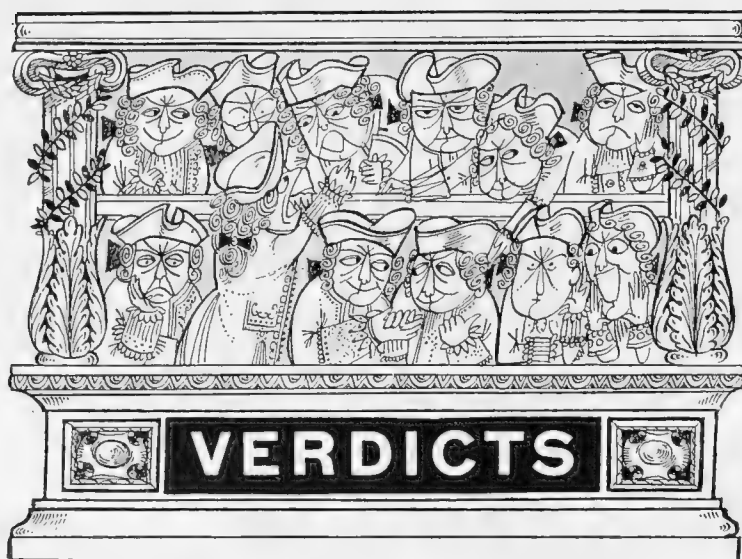


CARPET BOWLS, a forgotten Victorian game, please Mrs. Lew Grade, wife of the theatrical agent (and Associated TV's deputy chief). She keeps her colourful collection of these bowls in a huge brass dish by the sitting-room fire. Also cherishes toy theatres (for which she makes her own figures and sets)



LIZARDS AND ASSORTED REPTILES

entertain Max Adrian, the revue star, who will do a Shakespearian season at Stratford this year. He now lives in New York, where he has a large collection, mostly lizards like these iguanas, but including terrapins, snakes and a stuffed rat—a departed pet



The play **ONE WAY PENDULUM**

(Alison Leggatt, George Benson, Gwen Nelson, Roddy Maude Roxby, Douglas Wilmer).
Royal Court Theatre.

The films **HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR**

(Emmanuele Riva, Eiji Okada). Director Alain Resnais.
"X" Certificate.

THE ROYAL BALLET

(Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, Alexander Grant, Julia Farron). Director Paul Czimmer.

RICE GIRLS

(Elsa Martinelli, Folco Lulli, Rik Battaglia).
Director Raffaello Matarazzo.

A SUMMER PLACE

(Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire, Sandra Dee, Troy Donahue, Arthur Kennedy). Director
Delmer Daves.

The records **THE LAST WORD** by the Jazz Couriers

BLUE BOGEY by Wilton "Bogey" Gaynair

BLUE HARRIOTT by Joe Harriott

BERTRAND'S BUGLE by Bert Courtley

The books **THE WHITE SPIDER**

by Heinrich Harrer (Hart-Davis, 30s.)

HARVEST OF JOURNEYS

by Hammond Innes (Collins, 18s.)

BLACKBERRY WILDERNESS

by Sylvia Berkman (Gollancz, 16s.)

THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE

by Hesketh Pearson (Penguin, 5s.)

people who enjoy the kind of fun that these great names connote will also enjoy Mr. Simpson's, but I do not myself feel that we get anywhere near the special quality of his humour by instituting comparisons that are bound to be a little damaging.

Mr. Simpson has not the alarmingly macabre tone of M. Ionesco's mind, nor has he (unfortunately) the mathematically clear logic which binds a Carrollian fantasy. His distinction as a playwright rests on his mastery of the *non-sequitur*. This is a form of joke much used by Englishmen when they tell each other ridiculous stories over a drink. There is nothing against it as such, for as one of Mr. Simpson's characters explains: "The retreat from reason means precious little to anyone who has never caught up with reason in the first place. It takes a trained mind to relish a *non-sequitur*."

No playwright before him has ever dared to make plays which consist entirely of variations on the same joke. Funny as these plays

someone in the kitchen has punched the cash register.

This cash register has been bought as something that might well be offered in part exchange for a typewriter, should a typewriter ever be needed. There is a skull on the mantelpiece which has been acquired as a *memento mori*, "but it has never worked." The daily woman comes in, not to help with the work, but to help with the eating, and the daughter is terribly worried because her arms seem, when she lets them hang down, too long for her body and she wonders if she is going to grow up a gorilla. Her mother accepts the whole set-up with deadpan gravity and instinctive recourse to *cliché*. Meanwhile her father is in the process of turning the kitchen into a replica of the Old Bailey in a do-it-yourself fit of enthusiasm.

A *non-sequitur* here and there is infinitely relishable, but a constant succession of *non-sequiturs* is a little much, and as soon as the situation has made its intention quite clear we begin to hanker after some



A CRAZY, MIXED-UP FAMILY: *The long-suffering mother* (Alison Leggatt) listens patiently (left) as *Aunt Mildred* (Patsy Byrne) talks of her imaginary travels. Right: *Watched critically by the Judge* (Douglas Wilmer), the head of the *Groomkirby* family (George Benson) tries on his wig and robe

undoubtedly are in many of their sustained passages, I yet do not think they quite solve their own problem—which is to thread the jokes with a recognizable dramatic purpose, to produce a parody of life that has meaning as well as non-sensical charm.

One Way Pendulum is in two fairly distinct parts. The first part describes a suburban household like any other suburban household except that it is by a slight extension of its own prosaic preoccupations quite mad. The son is trying to train a set of weighing machines of the kind which announce: "I speak your weight" into the embryo of a Bach Choir. He is getting on well with his ambitious work except that one recalcitrant machine repeats in a throaty chuckle "Twelve stone ten pounds." Meals are sent upstairs to the youth, but he has conditioned himself, like Pavlov's dogs, not to feel hungry till

different kind of joke. The play is much refreshed when the half-made Old Bailey fills up with judge and counsel who proceed to try a case without a jury. Here the *non-sequiturs* develop a sort of dramatic form, and the languid prosecuting counsel of Mr. Graham Crowden tying up in knots the well-meaning but bewildered witness of Mr. George Benson and the hot-water hugging, strictly matter-of-fact Miss Alison Leggatt between them give nonsense a most satisfying higher purpose. And there is a superb comic performance by Mr. Douglas Wilmer as a judge who is as literal minded as he is conscientious.

It is this second half of the play which makes me look forward eagerly to Mr. Simpson's next, in which I believe he may well manage to solve the problem which yet eludes him—how to give appropriate dramatic substance to airy nonsense.



It isn't drama—but I like it

MR. N. F. SIMPSON IS BY WAY OF being our most original stage humorist. The oddity of his first play, *A Resounding Tinkle*, is matched by the oddity of its successor, *One Way Pendulum*, and, as might be expected, the credit for introducing both these grave essays in absurdity to the public belongs to the invaluable Royal Court Theatre.

It is perhaps a mark of Mr. Simpson's originality that everyone has a shot at discovering from what other humorist he descends. His inspiration is said to be drawn from Robert Benchley's lectures, from Thurber's cartoons, from the early surrealist revues of Robert Dhéry; and, rather more plausibly, from the plays of Eugene Ionesco and from Lewis Carroll. It is true that



Brief encounter in Japan

OF THE FILMS I HAVE SEEN THAT have so far been washed up by France's much discussed "*nouvelle vague*" (or "new wave") most could have remained totally submerged for all the interest they aroused in me. The lyrical *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, directed with great insight and subtlety by M. Alain Resnais, is different: mysterious as the murmur in a sea-shell, it has a positively hypnotic effect—reducing, or elevating, audiences and even critics to a state of silent, rapt attention.

Its story is of a brief encounter—its theme the melancholy one that we must reconcile ourselves to the thought that memories fade: "There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave . . . there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

On the eve of her departure from Hiroshima, a French actress who has been filming there meets a Japanese architect. Succumbing to an instant and irresistible mutual attraction, they spend the night together. The emotional bond that springs up between them is stronger than either could have believed. He is married and she is married and they must inevitably part—but the man cannot let her go until he fully understands her or at least has discovered what the tragedy is that he senses in her past.

During her last remaining hours in Hiroshima, he draws from her with infinite patience and tender understanding the secret she has

kept for 14 years. She was a girl of 20, living at Nevers, a small town on the Loire. It was wartime—and she fell passionately in love with a German soldier. He was killed just as the war ended. The people of Nevers could not forgive her for consorting with an enemy: they shaved her head, jeered at her in the streets, locked her in a cellar. She went mad—driven to despair by humiliation and her sense of irretrievable loss. Eventually she recovered and was sent away from Nevers, in the dead of night, to make what life she could for herself in Paris.

Her narrative—and, indeed, the whole of the film—is illuminated by seemingly disconnected flashbacks, brilliantly used to evoke an atmosphere of transience. M. Resnais cuts from Hiroshima today to the Hiroshima devastated by the atom bomb—from the tearful woman, telling her story, to the ardent girl in the arms of her lover. Her first love was the love of her life—yet she cannot remember the colour of his eyes. The havoc wrought by the atom bomb was the greatest (man-made) the world has ever known—but, after 15 years, have we not forgotten its full extent and horror? M. Resnais obviously thinks so—and I do not think that the reminder he gives us comes amiss.

Mlle. Emmanuele Riva, appearing in a film for the first time, gives an exceptionally poignant performance as the actress: Mr. Eiji Okada, as the Japanese architect,

supports her beautifully—there is great emotional intensity in the quality of stillness he brings to the difficult role of the compassionate listener. This is a strange and compelling film which you should on no account miss.

Dr. Paul Czinner's film of the Bolshoi Ballet had, I thought, its faults—but he has now improved his technique and the film of *The Royal Ballet*, made at Covent Garden, is, I should say, just about flawless. If it did no more than to preserve for posterity a record of the divine Dame Margot Fonteyn's exquisite artistry, it would have justified its existence—but it does do more: it provides two hours of beauty such as one can scarcely hope to see matched in the cinema.

Of the three ballets presented, *The Firebird*, a glorious riot of colour and movement, is the most successful—and the *prima ballerina assoluta* achieves absolute perfection in the title role. *Swan Lake* Act II struck me as a little ragged in performance—but I could forget that in the excitement and enchantment of Mr. Frederick Ashton's *Ondine*, which completes the programme. Here is an entertainment that I do not hesitate to recommend to everybody—whether they be balletomanes or no.

The story of *Rice Girls*—a film, like *Bitter Rice*, about the sturdy and uninhibited wenches who find seasonal employment in Italy's rice-fields—is fairly melodramatic. Signorina Elsa Martinelli, a worker of slightly more refined aspect than most of them, is annoyed by the interest shown in her by the boss, Signor Folco Lulli: her boy friend, a mechanic, Signor Rik Battaglia, is more than annoyed—and orders him to "lay off."

It then transpires that Signor Lulli is Signorina Martinelli's father—who has always regretted that he did not marry her mother, and longs to do something for the girl. He gets his chance when his nephew, Signor Michel Auclair, is killed in a fight with Signor Battaglia: he

shoulders the blame and leaves the two young people to live happily ever after.

The film is redeemed from utter "corniness" by its solid background and the almost documentary impression it gives of how the rice-girls work and play.

If a long drawn account of domestic strife, alcoholism, adultery and divorce among the newly rich and the newly poor in New England—ending, of course, with two misunderstood and unmarried teenagers in dire trouble—is what appeals to you, then by all means go to *A Summer Place*. If you will excuse me, I'll go some other place—where I shall not find little Miss Sandra Dee moaning and groaning and looking like a pale pink plush pin-cushion with an inbuilt pout. I cannot stand these aggrieved adolescents at any price.



BALLET ORNITHOLOGY: *The Four Little Swans* (above) perform their dance in the *Royal Ballet* film, and (top) the *Prince* (Michael Somes), captures the *Firebird* (Margot Fonteyn). "Just about flawless," says Elspeth Grant of this dynamic film

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BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The mountain that hunted men

PUBLISHERS, PRESUMABLY EXHAUSTED by their tremendous fling at the end of the Old Year, seem to me to be reckoning on our snoozing our way through January. But there's one book that refuses to let one blink an eye—that is, if you care for books about mountain-climbing: *The White Spider*, by Heinrich Harrer, the same admirable writer who spent *Seven Years In Tibet*. This new book is the history of the north face of the Eiger, the vertical wall of rock and ice in the Alps, raked by falling stones, avalanches and storms, that has been the scene of an appalling number of climbing disasters.

Herr Harrer was himself one of the party of four climbers who made the first successful ascent in 1938, so the book has the authority of a man who knows and understands mountaineers as well as this particular mountain. Being someone who is instantly attacked by vertigo at the mere thought of something as comparatively puny as the Eiffel Tower, I am entirely hypnotized by books about climb-

ing, and I can't remember any other which succeeds so well in explaining the whole extraordinary business, without ever becoming over-technical or tediously mystical.

The author knows every desperate step up that most perilous climb, and by the end of the book so does the reader—knows, too, what it is like to spend freezing cold black nights lashed to the rock, perched on a ledge as broad as a boot. In spite of everything, it's a cheerful, exuberant book, emphasizing again and again that the best climbers, especially of the "extreme" school, are not foolhardy exhibitionists but highly skilled, forewarned men who never underestimate the mountain. (In spite of all the reasonableness of Herr Harrer's tone of voice, the Eiger inevitably becomes as vivid a person as any of the mountaineers—each of whom is sharply distinguished—and one finds the strange and haunting image of climbers under extreme difficulties beginning to think of themselves as 'hunted' men.

The book is hair-raisingly illus-

trated by vertiginous photographs of slices of vertical rock with small human figures miraculously attached like lizards. If it doesn't send you off into a dead faint by the second chapter (though in fact it is the reverse of a sensation-hunting book), *The White Spider* will be something to remember.

By now it's almost enough to say there's a new book by Mr. Hammond Innes, and leave it at that. *Harvest of Journeys* is a collection of travel-pieces, some written for an American magazine, some by-the-way material gleaned from journeys made for the purpose of collecting novel-copy. There's sailing and whaling and oil and Eskimos and the desert and exotic food, and something for pretty well everybody. It makes pleasant, undemanding, but—to me at least—somehow rather flat reading, like a nice long letter home written by a busy man of action to a distant relative who wants to be kept in touch with the news. But there's loads of busy incident and colour, and a fancier stylist maybe wouldn't see with Mr. Innes's eyes.

By the pricking of my thumbs I am almost beginning to suspect we are reaching saturation-point in sensitive, infinitely intelligent writing about loneliness, urban isolation, inability to communicate and so on. For those who can't have too much of it—and that includes, as far as I can make out, every living American magazine-reader—here comes *Blackberry Wilderness*, a collection of mood-stories by Sylvia Berkman. They are indeed beautifully done, full of hints and nuances

and the most delicate irony, and it's not at all Miss Berkman's fault that I feel just one more soft-footed, nerve-tingling prowling round a gently teetering, quietly distraught mind will drive me to shut myself away with the complete works of Mr. Innes and not emerge for months. (Please note it's not Miss Berkman who's teetering—just her characters.)

To turn to what is called a real solid old-fashioned read—there's Hesketh Pearson's splendid biography, *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, now reprinted by Penguin, wildly absorbing, valiantly partisan. Wilde emerges as a friendly, warm-hearted, life-loving and quite remarkably tough character, the collation of material is clearly careful and full, the tragedy fairly assessed.

It's probably something to do with the climate of our time and changing fashion that, in spite of his biographer's detailed evidence, I cannot hear the magic of Wilde's conversation, though it clearly worked at the time; those epigrams, those ceaseless paradoxes, that flood of long and carefully rehearsed stories, the unstoppable of it all. . . . And despite Mr. Hesketh Pearson's repeated assurances that Wilde was the kindest and most generous of men who wouldn't willingly hurt a fly, a good many of those little *bon mots* sound excessively barbed and personal. Never mind; you can forgive a lot to a man who spoke, ballingly but sublimely, of "some mad scarlet thing by Dvořák" just because he loved the sound of the name.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

We could have it better

FOR YEARS THE CAR MAGNATES shouted long and loud for a healthy, unrestricted home market. Now that they've got it, there's nowhere to put the cars. I wonder whether the same sort of thing is going to happen in the world of jazz? The mass of small clubs which now feature jazz as their musical entertainment speak for the home following; the stream of transatlantic visitors confirms, in part, the public's willingness to patronize concerts to a certain degree. The record companies' catalogues have never been so well adorned with every sort, style and vintage of jazz. It has even become an exportable commodity on a national scale, with

Dankworth representing us at America's Newport festival, Joe Harriott at Italy's San Remo festival, and Lyttelton at Germany's jazz marathon in Essen.

All seems to be well on the supply side, despite the steady drain of our top-flight soloists to America—Dizzy Reece, a trumpeter of exciting but erratic quality, was the latest *émigré*—but the demand side, which means you, is as fickle as ever. Tony Crombie's slick big band (HMV ESG7768) has been forced to disband after only three months' work, due to lack of support. Even more regrettably, the Jazz Couriers have disbanded after two and a half years of happy and

prolific music-making. They felt staleness encroaching, owing to the restricted outlet for their live performances. *The Last Word* (TAP26) is their eloquent swan-song, but it is not the last we shall hear of its primary constituents, Ronnie Scott and Tubby Hayes, backed by that able pianist Terry Shannon. Their highly personal tenor-sax duets make some of the best listening yet recorded in England.

When in Paris a few weeks ago, I met a young American who was an advanced saxophone student with every aspiration to play one day in the top flight with the masters. We discussed the London scene, and he told me quite firmly that altoist Joe Harriott, who hails from Jamaica, is the most important soloist on our shores. I was unimpressed by Joe's rather nervous work with the Modern Jazz Quartet during their last tour, but I view with complete favour his own quintet's EP in the Lansdowne Series (SEG7939). Harriott is a man to watch, for his free-blowing style has none of the verbosity I associate with the *avant-garde* jazzmen today.

The same applies to his fellow-

Jamaican tenor-player Wilton "Bogey" Gaynair. This 33-year-old jazzman has been in Europe for four years, preferring to work on the Continent. His first British record was made last year, when he was here on holiday (Tempo TAP25), and if it contains a fair sample of his current work, he should not be ignored. His delicious warm tone is Hawkins-inspired, with dashes of Lucky Thompson's and Johnny Griffin's style thrown in. A thrilling up-tempo "Way you look tonight" is adequate proof to me that Mr. Gaynair is a voice to be respected.

I credit the recording label, Tempo, for their enterprise in using an "unknown" name. They have persistently featured the lesser-known musicians and young groups on their label, thus performing an inestimable service to home-made jazz. All this shows that we could have it better, provided that audiences are more discerning and less biased than they have been in the past. Don't imagine that time stands still where jazz is concerned. If the music is to progress, it takes listening support as well as the lightly tapped foot!

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



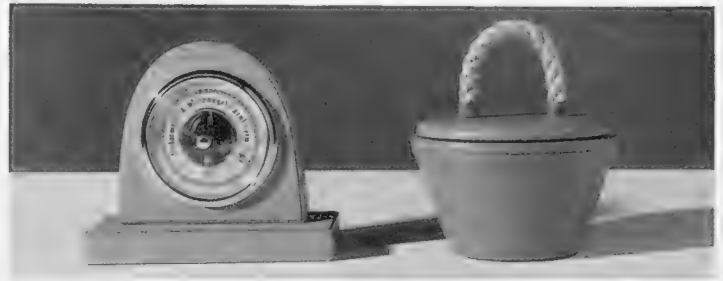
NEW TOYS from Ycoman House, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, run by Hazel Otway who specializes in craftsman-made bespoke toys. Besides these there are many ready-made toys like the panda (above) in sepia and white nylon fur: 28s. The others shown are hand-made and some exclusive. Waistcoated father rabbit has a wife (not shown) both cut to order at 50s. each, the giraffe costs 55s., and the glove-puppet brown and cream felt kangaroo & baby, 16s. 6d. (last two are by Sam Smith). Shocking pink circus Liberty horse is 17s. 6d. & the gaily painted carved tug, 12s. 6d. Prices include post and packing. You can order by post (Tadworth 3599) but it is better to make an appointment—busy people can make a week-end booking.



CANDLEWICK about the house in the shape of a pale green cushion cover costing 8-10s., depending on quality, and a green & white striped bath mat (from a set of mat, pedestal collar & toilet seat cover): 45s. the set, 18s. for the mat alone. From Cyril Lord's newly opened Candlewick Shop at 531 Oxford Street, W.1, which has washable and non-shrink candlewick by the yard in two qualities (48 in. wide, 12s. or 16s. 6d.) in plain colours toning with Cyril Lord carpets. Candlewick can be found here in many guises, including bedcovers initialled to order; about 3s. 6d. a letter. You can shop personally or order by post.

Alix Russell, 68 Pimlico Road, S.W.1 (Sloane 1957), brings under one roof designs for made-to-measure couture and an extensive boutique. Lady Russell is the designer and collaborates with clients to produce exactly what is wanted. No design is ever an exaggeration of high fashion. All orders are carried out in their own workrooms, mostly in French materials, but Lady Russell is delighted if customers bring their own. Prices: suits from about 28 gns. and cocktail dresses about 25 gns. Orders take about two weeks. They also design bridal and bridesmaids dresses. Alix Russell only opened last October, but towards the end of February they will have a couture collection designed by Lady Russell. Boutique clothes include a wonderful selection of ready-to-wear day and evening clothes (some by Cockayne), exclusive Parisian costume jewellery, Italian hand-painted classic shirts (10-14 gns.), hand-painted scarves, day and evening bags and hats from Paris.

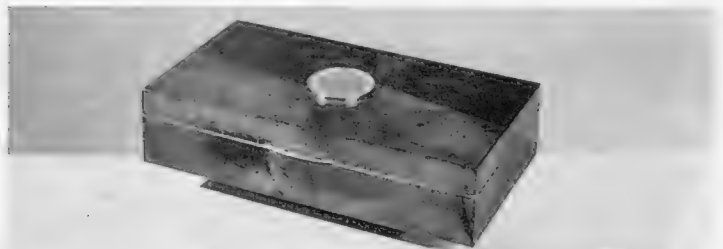
Apples and only apples have given the Apple Shop its name. Started last year, this flourishing shop, at 41 Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Belgravia 8159), now has a scheme for "The Apple of the Month"—12 lbs. are delivered every month, in two varieties of carefully packed fruit. For this scheme the best dessert apples of each month (English or Commonwealth) are sent. Price per 12 lb. box is 22s. and a yearly subscription costs £9. For daily customers the shop has a large selection of the best apples—they sell Commonwealth ones when the English season finishes.



PRESENT BUYING is made easy at Kenbarry, 4 William Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Belgravia 6311), where the goodlooking pigskin barometer: 3½ gns. and the pigskin, metal-lined tobacco jar: 4 gns. were found. A small room is set aside for the leisurely buying of country-house style china, glass, leather goods, made-up antique lamps and countless oddments—wedding presents are their speciality. They have a Brides Book for wedding gift buyers.



FACE SETTING shoes from France can be found at Charles Jourdan's new salon at 10 Old Bond Street, W.1 (Hyde Park 0871), which houses his spring 1960 collection. The black calf & crocodile shoe has the new squared-off three-inch heel and pointed toe which runs through his collection: 9 gns. Roger Model hand-made bags are exclusive to them in England, this one is in glossy black crocodile, costs 42 gns.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS to find at Presents, 19 Dover Street, W.1 (Hyde Park 8381), i.e. a polished antelope cigarette box, centred with a choice of gold medallions on the lid: 13 gns. Other attractive yet useful gifts include opaline glass, expensive and exotic costume jewellery, Porcelaine de Paris to order in any pattern and matching satin bags and evening gloves. All ideas are original—some exclusive.

BEAUTY

Ironing out the tensions

BY JEAN CLELAND



Two styles by Xavier of Knightsbridge.

Above: A youthful look with the "heart" line. Top: Arabesque, a new cut inspired by the ballet

WITH THE SPATE OF NEW YEAR festivities starting to thin out, party faces are showing signs of wear. Those who have done much of the entertaining in their own homes specially need something to ease the tension.

Experts in beauty culture are realizing more and more that successful facial treatments need more than creams and lotions. However good these may be, they cannot revive a woman's face when it is looking tired and strained.

Something more is needed, which will induce the complete relaxation so necessary to the health and looks. If properly done this has a wonderfully renewing effect.

Olga, Countess Csaky, has made a study of this kind of treatment. She trained and worked with doctors in Germany and Austria and gained her diploma at the University of Vienna. Now in London she uses her scientific knowledge in highly specialized beauty and relaxation treatments.

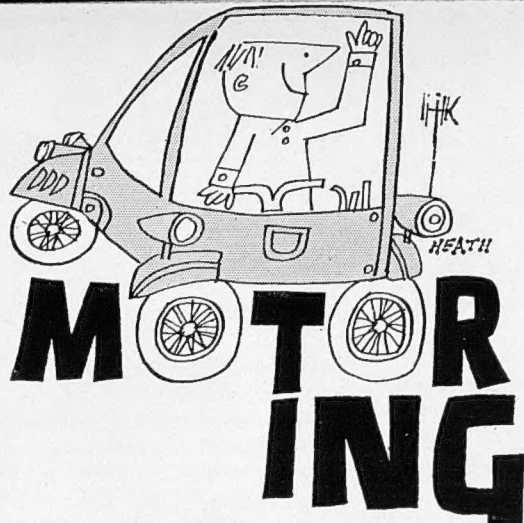
These treatments start with deep massage on the back and down the spine. Working expertly on the nerve centres—which have been made warm with hot cloths—Countess Csaky releases the nervous tension. You can feel everything being loosened up and straightened out. When the back has been done, she starts on the neck and face, smoothing the wrinkles away with a special iron invented by and exclusive to her. The skin reacts in much the same way as a crumpled dress; looks as good as new after the creases have been ironed away.

Countess Csaky is very insis-

tent, as are most beauty experts, that the good work done in the salon should be carried on at home. For this purpose she has her own hand-made creams, made up from prescriptions brought from the Viennese clinic. These are tissue and energy builders, containing nourishing and vitamin-rich oils of the highest quality.

Diet for the normal and dry skin is to cleanse with liquefying cleansing cream containing anti-acid oils and solvents. For ten days use *Vitamin Skin Food*, then for the next ten days use *Secret* which is the energy builder, and is particularly good for a tired-looking skin. It revives and acts as a rejuvenator.

Apart from facial treatments, one of the finest ways of invigorating the health and looks is by way of deep breathing exercises in front of an open window before dressing, interspersed with relaxation. The success of this depends on the way in which it is done. Here is the drill given to me by one of the greatest authorities on physical culture. Stand with the feet together, and the hands placed on the ribs on either side of the body. Breathe in deep down in the abdomen, carry the breath higher, expanding the ribs, and pushing against the hands, and finally swell out the chest. Hold the breath while you count six, then slowly exhale. Do this three times, and then flop down from the waist, with the arms swinging towards the floor. Relax completely for a few seconds, then straighten up, and breathe in again. Repeat the whole exercise half a dozen times.



Caravan controversy

by GORDON WILKINS



HEAD-IN-AIR arrangements for caravanners. Above: The hinged Dormobile roof extends a fabric canopy. Top: The Commer roof has a concertina-type centre section

EVEN THE MILDEST MOTORIST CAN, on one occasion, be excused for exasperation. That is when he has had to travel for miles in a long queue loitering behind a car towing a large trailer caravan like a snail struggling with an oversize shell. Seeing the hold-ups they cause on tourist routes in summer, one begins to wonder whether their movement ought not to be restricted to certain hours of the day.

However, it may be that the caravanners themselves are becoming tired of this creeping paralysis. Most hopeful sign is the fast-growing popularity of the motor caravan, which is now finding buyers at the rate of hundreds a month. Holiday tourists use them and so do business men who need a mobile home-cum-office which can penetrate into remote areas and make them independent of hotels.

The latest developments have been made possible by the production of a whole series of forward control light vans, the BMC 1½-litre Omnivan, the Bedford with the Vauxhall Victor engine, the Ford Thames with Consul engine, the Standard Atlas with the same engine as the Herald, the VW Microbus or Kombi, and now the recently announced Commer with the Hillman Minx engine.

These vehicles are ingeniously fitted up to sleep four at night and the interior can be rearranged by day to provide normal travelling seats, divans or a dining-room round a folding table. To allow sufficient headroom inside for people to walk normally, various ingenious extending roofs have been evolved, and the upper two sleeping berths are usually in the form of stretcher beds suspended just below the extending canopy.

Equipment generally includes a gas cooker, wash basin with water tank, folding table, wardrobe, lockers for crockery, cutlery and bed linen and curtains. Among

firms catering for this growing market are Balmforth Caravans, Martin Walter, builders of the Dormobile, Kenex Coachwork, and Peter Pitt Motor-caravan. The Home Cruiser departs from the usual formula by using bunks on a dismountable tubular frame for the upper berths, and the Central Garage Paralanian eliminates the extending roof at the cost of more cumbersome appearance by taking the permanent roofline high enough to provide nearly 6 ft. of headroom inside.

Prices range from about £800 to £1,000 and this is the only type of private motor vehicle I know which escapes purchase-tax and yet is not restricted to 30 m.p.h. outside built-up areas. Oddly enough, the established caravan clubs do not seem at all glad to see them. The Caravan Club will not have them at all, though it owes its own origins to lovers of fresh air and the country life who used horse-drawn caravans—a closer approach to the modern motor caravan than the cumbersome trailer. Fundamentally I suppose it stems from a desire not to get mixed up with people who might live a crummy existence sleeping in ordinary cars. The British Caravanners' Club, therefore, insists that self-propelled caravans must have enough headroom inside to allow standing, which all those I have mentioned do. The caravanner who is not a member of one of these clubs is barred from their sites. But he will probably wish to travel farther and faster than their members anyway.

Another vehicle which makes a valuable contribution to the relief of traffic congestion is the folding caravan, which closes up into such a small package that other drivers can see over it or round it. There are several in production on the Continent and a neat one called the Farlander. Arrived at the site,

you simply insert a lever to operate a hydraulic pump and in a few minutes the thing has expanded itself into a full-sized caravan. It all reminds me of those trick cabinets used by magicians to make beautiful girls disappear, but it looks quite solid when erected.

Finally, there is a refinement of the humble tent. It is called the Poppet Tent Trailer and consists of a quick-action folding tent permanently built into a tiny trailer which can also carry the camping kit. One sleeps on the trailer and not on Mother Earth and the floor extends to provide space for up to four people. The whole outfit is so low and light that it presents no obstruction to the view of other drivers. But, of course, like all trailers it is subject to a 30 m.p.h. limit in Great Britain.

People who travel at night to avoid day-time traffic jams can easily run out of fuel. The A.A. help with their list of all-night filling stations and both Shell and BP have now produced invaluable books of maps of Great Britain and Northern Ireland showing the location, addresses and opening hours of stations handling their products which stay open late at night or all night. Ideally, the night driver who travels extensively should carry both. Going westwards, Lanivet, near Bodmin, is the last Shell night station, but there's BP at Hayle, near St. Ives, until midnight in summer, 10.30 in winter.

Taking the western route to Scotland, there is Shell at Garstang and BP at Penrith, but nothing in between. In Wiltshire, Berkshire and Oxfordshire up through Salisbury, Marlborough and Swindon into the Cotswolds, and in the North Riding of Yorkshire the prospects look rather bleak, and those who are bold enough to travel by night in Inverness, Ross & Cromarty or Sutherland had better carry spare cans.

DINING IN

Without fish

—or flesh

by HELEN BURKE

A FRIEND HAS HAD TO GIVE UP ALL fish, meat and poultry. Bewildered and a little sorry for herself, she asked me what she could eat.

Breakfast presented no difficulties because she goes in for porridge or prepared cereals with an occasional poached egg on buttered toast; but the outlook for lunch and dinner was, she said, "simply awful."

My suggestion began with soups. A great variety—including carrot, cream of cauliflower, cream of mushroom, celery, tomato and leek-potato—can be made from a potato and milk base. Clear vegetable soups, made from water stock (with the addition of barley, any of the macaroni family or rice) are wonderfully satisfying first courses. Grated cheese passed with them makes them even more nourishing.

Soups were easy, but it was the "little dishes" which stumped her. Here are some which I like and often make—and you don't have to be on a restricted diet to enjoy them.

First, what I call Floradora Pancakes—a corruption probably of Florentine which in cookery indicates that there is spinach in the dish.

For four persons, wash $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spinach and cook it in the usual way. Drain thoroughly, press it dry and chop finely. Add to it 3 beaten eggs, 1 to 2 tablespoons grated dry cheese, a small pinch of grated nutmeg and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Meanwhile, chop 6 oz. unpeeled mushrooms (the

dark ones are specially good in this dish) and fry them gently in a little butter. Add a level tablespoon of flour and brown it a little. Then add a dot of tomato purée and enough stock (Marmite and hot water are ideal) to make a fairly thick sauce.

Heat a little vegetable fat or oil in a frying-pan. Drop spoonfuls of the egg-spinach mixture into it and cook on both sides. Arrange the pancakes, overlapping each other, in a heated entrée dish and pour the mushrooms and their sauce down the centre and around the edges. Serve with plainly boiled rice or mashed potatoes, whipped with a knob of butter and a little hot milk or their own water until white and frothy.

Then there are Cauliflower Fritters. Cut the florets from the stalk and boil them in salted water until barely cooked. Drain them well and dust with grated dry cheese, Cheddar, Gruyère or Parmesan. Dip them in *Mornay Sauce*, enriched with a beaten egg yolk, then into fine breadcrumb crumbs and drop them into hot deep vegetable fat or oil. They will be ready almost at once.

Drain on absorbent paper and serve garnished with sprays of parsley, well dried and fried in the deep fat. For a surprise item dip some of them in the *Mornay* before frying them. The crisp parsley sprays are themselves wonderful. Be careful of sparking fat, however, as it is not always easy to dry the washed parsley thoroughly.

Neapolitan or any of the many other kinds of *Pizza* makes a pleasant vegetarian main dish. The anchovies which are usually included can quite well be omitted. The following quantities are enough for three to four servings.

Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bakers' yeast in about $\frac{1}{4}$ pint lukewarm water. Beat in 8 oz. flour sifted with a pinch of salt, then knead well, cover and leave in a basin in a warm place to double in bulk. Divide into three to four portions. Roll them out and fit them into buttered tart tins, having the edges just a trifle higher than the centres.

Now, the easy way, divide a jar of Condi Cirio between the rounds of dough. This is a mixture of peeled tomatoes, olive oil, salt, celery, parsley and onion. Add to each a pinch of finely chopped cloves of garlic and sprinkle with a little chopped marjoram. Bake for 10 minutes in a really hot oven (425 to 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8) and serve at once.

I suggested other dishes to my friend, but the easiest thing would have been to recommend Janet Walker's *Vegetarian Cookery* (Neville Spearman, 21s.), containing 777 recipes—the A to Z of any meal.

WEDDINGS

Cobbold—Wilmot-Sitwell: *Clare Veronica*, daughter of Mr. R. H. Cobbold, and of Mrs. J. O. E. Vandeleur, of Pinkneys Green, Berkshire, married *Peter Sacheverell*, son of the late Capt. R. B. Wilmot-Sitwell, R.N.(ret.), and of Mrs. Wilmot-Sitwell, of Dummer, Hants, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Bell—Colbourne: *Jennifer Anne*, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. C. C. Bell, Blair Drummond, Perthshire, married *John Robert*, son of the late Mr. J. H. Colbourne, and of Mrs. Colbourne, of Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



Girouard—Cresswell-Turner: *Mary Josepha*, younger daughter of Mr. Richard Girouard, of Draycott Place, S.W.3, and the late Lady Blanche Girouard, married *John Sleigh*, son of the late Air Commodore & Mrs. C. Cresswell-Turner, at St. James's, Spanish Place

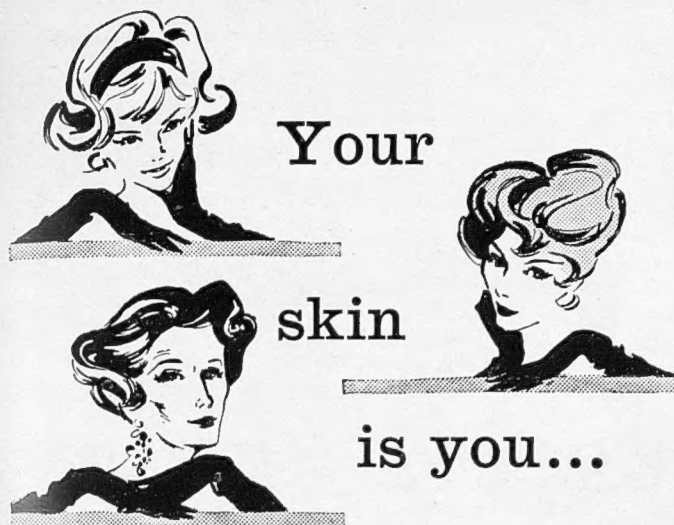


Phipps—de la Mare: *Susan Rose*, daughter of the late Lieut. Alan Phipps, R.N., and the Hon. Lady Maclean, Strachur, Argyll, married *Richard St. Clare*, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. de la Mare, Much Hadham Hall, Herts, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



Bland—Lyon: *Nicola Marion Evelyn*, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Roland Bland, Cornwall Glebe, Kingham, Oxfordshire, married *David*, son of Mr. & Mrs. John F. A. Lyon, of Vicarage Gardens, W.8, at Chelsea Old Church





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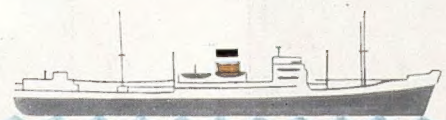
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